

The Four

by myBlueprints

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Summary: Ichabod cannot accept that he has lost Abbie forever, so he does what he has to do to bring her back.

The Four

\*\*Scene 1\*\*

'How exactly did you say you found these people again? I've never heard of them before.'

He cast his eyes down to Miss Jenny's hand currently attempting to fix his tie. His thoughts on that, were not friendly, far from it in truth. Because the truth was, he loathed that she was doing that.

'Would you cease from that!'

He meant for it to come out as a polite question, however, in his own ears, he heard a harsh demand. It wasn't his intention to treat her in that manner, it was only that Miss Jenny provoked inside him a feeling that he didn't want to dwell on at the moment; longing.

He longed to hear Abbie laugh. Yes, he could call her by her name now, he could say her name and not feel as though he were overstepping his bounds.

He longed to see her smile. He longed to have her purse her lips at him for some foolish thing or other that he said. He longed to have Abbie fix his tie, not Miss Jenny.

'All right,' Miss Jenny threw her hands up in offended surrender.  
'Sheesh, no need to bite my head off.'

He nearly felt a tinge of regret for the way he offended her, nearly. The most of his being was too upset by the innocent act that to find

it within himself to regret losing composure in front of Miss Jenny.

'Be careful,' she advised quietly. It was as though she knew that he would be short with her again for reminding him of Abbie.

'I shall step inside now,' he informed her brusquely.

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Scene 2<strong>

'My name, is Ichabod Crane,' he began when one of the four people who sat at the long table raised a hand to silence him.

He couldn't clearly see their faces, for they were darkened by the bright light that surrounded him in the centre of the room. The little of their bodies that he could see, was not enough to draw descriptions from.

'We know who you are,' a female voice said.

'And we know what you've come for,' another voice, deeper than the first yet womanly, said.

'I am aware,' he said after the second woman and again, a hand raised to silence him.

'See that you never interrupt us again,' a voice, that of a man, commanded.

He felt a fury build up inside him. These people had no idea what he went through on a daily basis, they had no clue as to what was in his heart. Who were they to allow him an audience and then reject his attempts to present his case?

'As The Guardians of the four kingdoms,' a new voice of a man carefully spoke, 'we know everything.'

'And we know where she is,' the voice of the first woman who spoke adds.

Briefly, he took time to think of how the four people who were giving him a chance in this room, remind him of the four who speak as one. Were they the four who speak as one reincarnate?

'However,' the voice of man continued, slowly pulling him from his thoughts, 'we have no place to tell where she is.'

He was tempted to say something, that he was fully prepared to search for her in any way that he could, but he held his tongue. He didn't want to be thrown out from their presence.

'She could be in the Underworld,' one woman said.

'And she could be in Purgatory,' another woman said.

'Or she could be in Hell,' a man presented.

'Or,' the last man concluded, 'if misfortune has befallen you, she

could be in Heaven.'

His heart began sinking and he couldn't keep from asking, 'If she is in Heaven, I cannot get her back?'

'Never!' all four voices replied at once.

And then he lost all hope. Not even a trace of hope remained in him, because Abbie had been the most wonderful person he has ever known. Surely she was in Heaven and surely he would never get her back.

'Tell me it isn't so,' he begged, looking up to the sky.

That couldn't be so, she couldn't be lost to him forever.

'Ichabod Crane,' one man called, 'we will allow you to go through our kingdoms to search for her.'

'However,' the next man continued, 'should you start in Heaven and she is not thereâ€¹'

There was a silence that followed the last voice that seemed intentional, as though it was giving him time to consider his decision.

'You will not be permitted to leave,' one woman concluded.

Was there a possibility that she was not in Heaven, he asked himself. Were they trying to make him lose heart, he wondered and then he thought, it is of no use in any case, the hope that he had, disappeared the moment that they mentioned that should Abbie be in heaven, there was nothing he could do to bring her back. What was all of this? Should he listen to his longing heart, or should he listen to his reasoning head?

'Behind you,' a womanly hand gestures towards him, making him turn to his behind.

'Four doors lie,' the deep voice of a man.

'They lead to the four kingdoms,' the four Guardians told him in unison.

He looked at the doors, trying to see if there was anything that distinguished them from each other, but there was nothing. Not a single thing.

'They are the Underworld, Purgatory, Hell and Heaven in line,' the voices continue to tell him, 'However, we cannot say which is Heaven and which is the Underworld.'

He heard a popping sound and when he turned back to the Guardians, they were gone.

He quickly turned back to the direction he came from so that he could run to that door and go through it to seek help from Miss Jenny on which door could be the Underworld, but alas, it was no more.

'Oh dear,' he groaned aloud. Whatever was he going to do?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Oh, look who's come back... I'm so saddened by the Nicole news, that I had to find a way to deal with the sadness, so what did I do? I thought up a plot that will keep Abbie in Sleepy Hollow for a long while. <strong>

\*\*Anyway, depending on whether anyone wants this, it will be written in scenes and it will be a romance (ish) with lots of blasts from the pasts and stuff...\*\*

\*\*Let me know if I should take you through this supernatural romantic journey or not.\*\*

\*\*If not, let me know where you think Crane will end up first.\*\*

End  
file.